

Poetry.

For the Liberator.

LINES,

Dress'd to dat are kind o' brumagum Judge, who say dat
darkies no citizens, and hab no rights be bound to
spect. America our home!

I say dis country be our home—
Dis be our native spot o' earth;
From whereso'er our faders come,
Dis be de land dat gib us birth.

I say we n't citizens,
More'n day dat born a great way off,
Coms from mountains, bogs or fens,
To share our taters, bread an' bro'f.

You say no call us citizen,
Dose born upon de sacred soil;
So why so you call your children den,
You lay boys dat never toll?

You say we no Americans,
Because our faders Africa's sons:
How bout de boat dat in you runs,
It's alien?—be your Englinshmen?

Or Irish—Germans—Spaniards—French—
From ebry clime you faders come;
You mudders ebry kind o' wench,
Come here, and make you happy home.

And will you tell Fader's son,
Because he skin ob darker dye,
Dis country free for ebry one,
Save his poor chile o' Africa?

Who gib you right to fix de han'
On any chile you Fader make?
De Eternal's sign stamp'd him man—
Respect him for our Fader's sake!

If you would hab you nation stand,
Build on de everlasting rock
Ob Justice—building on de sand
Not good to meet de flooding shoo'.

Make you foundations broad and deep—
Be sure let justis be you stay,
Let when de mity deluge sweep,
It wash you rubish all away!

You find de floods be pouring now,
You rubish going by de board,
You build again—ye make de vow,
So build to please de righteous Lord.

Den He, who make de sun and stars,
Stretch out to you de friendly hand;
Wid Gilad's baleum heal you scars,
And pour he blessings on you land!

OLY CUFF.

For the Liberator.

ANCIENT AND SOUTHERN CHIVALRY
CONTRASTED.

The knight went forth in old times,
With plumed helm, and lance in rest,
To clear the land of wrongs and crimes;
To aid the weak, right the oppress;

In the theoden days of Chivalry.

The Southern knight goes armed forth,
With whip, and chain, and yoke, and brand,
To seize on all o' dolar's worth,
And force them till, unpaid, the land,

In the days of Southern Chivalry.

JANE ASHBY.

Tombridge, Kent Co., (Eng.) Feb. 1864.

TAKE NO STEP BACKWARD!

EARNESTLY INSCRIBED TO THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS OF
THE UNITED STATES.

L.

Take no step backward! The eternal Ages
Look down upon you from their height sublime,
And witness the events which History's pages
Shall class among the noblest of all time.

Right onward now the path of duty lie,
Though it may lead to dangers that appal:
"Right onward! onward!" Justice sternly crieth,
And Mercy joins with Justice in the call.

II.

Take no step backward! Centuries of oppression
Are culminating midst our Nation's thro';
And wrong that might have stood, with fair concession,
Yields to the force of self-inflicted blows.

The hand grown horny in the life-long labor
That clothed and pampered those who held it bound,
Now grasps the gun, or wields the flashing sabre,
And wins and wears its honors on the ground.

III.

Take no step backward! Contraband, or chattel,
Or slave, or "person," what you will—they're men!
And if we stand or fall in this dread battle,
God leads the bondman from his thrall again.

The pillar of a cloud by day is baring
The atmosphere where'er the battle lies:

The pillar of a fire by night is blazing
Where conflagration paints you Southern skies.

IV.

Take no step backward! Ye have surely smitten,
At hip and thigh, the Evil and the Wrong;
What ye have said, now verify what written,
Seal with the seal of action, broad and strong!

Be not alarmed at apparitions dire

Of flaming swords that hurtle into view:

The element of peril is fire:

Press firmly on, and resolutely through.

V.

Take no step backward! Ye, whom God now uses
To solve the problems of Man's destiny,

To rectify his wrong, right his abuses,

The grand accomplishment ye may not see:

But in the future—in the years of glory

That peace restored shall bring our land again—

—Your name shall glitter in the noblest story

That celebrates the deeds of noblest men.

Kentucky, Jan. 8, 1864.

W. D. G.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

To COL. ROBERT G. SHAW and the FIFTY-FOURTH MASSA-
CHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

At last, at last, each fowling star
In that pure field of heavenly sublimo,

On every people shining fair,

Burns, to its utmost promise true.

Hopes in our fathers' hearts that stirred,

Justice, the seal of peace, long scorned,

Perfect peace! too long deferred,

At last, at last, your day has dawned.

Your day has dawned; but many an hour

Of storm and blood, of tears and tears,

Across the eternal sky must lower,

Before the glorious noon appears.

And not for us that noon-tide glow,

For us the strife and toll shall be;

But welcome toll, for now we know

Our children shall that glory see.

At last, at last, O Stars and Stripes!

Teased in your birth by Freedom's flame,

Your purifying lightning wips

Out from our history its shame.

Stand to your faith, America!

Sad Europe, listen to our call!

Up to your manhood, Africa!

That glorious flag floats over all.

THE LIBERATOR.

And when the hour seems dark with doom,
Our sacred banner, lifted higher,
Shall flash away the gathering gloom
With inextinguishable fire.

Pure as its white the future see!
Bright as its red is now the sky!
Fixed as its stars the faith shall be,
That nerves our hands to do or die!

The Liberator.

JOHN BROWN MEETING AT MEADVILLE.

(3.) Resolved, That duty demands of us as a nation to preserve our existence by destroying the only basis on which the Southern Confederacy professes to stand, and, by breaking every yoke, carry out the grand design of the founders of the republic.

Mr. Young then said, the last of these resolved comes directly to the all-absorbing question of to-day—that of the war in its complicated relations to slavery. The friend from Tennessee has told us of those "awful" times when negroes voted and their rights as men were respected, thus effectually silencing those who scoff at negro equality. Those men are entirely wrong who suppose that if the rights of the black man are acknowledged, the world will be turned upside down, and Nature's laws will not act.

We honor John Brown, not as an "insurrectionist," as some declare, for he was not such, but for his devotion to principles, as I have said in the 2d of these resolutions.

The Southern Confederacy, by the acknowledgment of Vice President Stephens, stands upon the pillar of human bondage. Knock out this prop, and that great structure which they have reared must totter and fall. By doing justice now, we shall rid ourselves of the scourge of war, and make future revolutions impossible.

Mr. Young's speech was diversified with many witty illustrations, which were well received by the audience.

Mr. Ellis, in the closing speech, said—

Long ago, to make men holy, Jesus died a painful death on Calvary. Four years ago, to make men free, John Brown died a painful death on a Virginia gallows. Christianity is the eternal monument to the one; human freedom—the liberty of regenerated America, will be the all-enduring monument to the other.

We recognize the eternal principle of liberty and the law of God in which he moved to his great work. Men called him "mad." So a Hebrew nation called Jesus "mad." He felt the voice of the Most High calling on him to act in behalf of human rights, and he took in his hand a life made strong by the gathered wisdom of sixty years, and struck at slavery as a man would strike a blow to save his wife and children. The flag which he will form will consist of such a fierce resolve that the flag shall not be separated.

On the 1st of March, then, soldiers of the Twentieth United States Colored Troops, with serried ranks, with faith in yourselves and in your cause, with confidence and affection for your officers, and with humble but earnest trust in God, and you will, must, in contributing to the rescue of your country and its Constitution, work out your own complete redemption.

Already the colored troops of the United States come by tens and twenties of thousands, and nowhere have they turned back from the bloodiest conflict, or failed to follow their leader into the very jaws of death.

"Dear Col. Bartram, to you and to the officers of this fine regiment it remains for me to say a few words:

"The flag which I hold in my hands, to be placed in yours, tells its own story. The conquering eagle and the broken yoke and armed figure of Liberty speak as plainly as symbols can of the might of freedom, and the overthrow of slavery—and flying, as was the standard of the United States, the stripes of the Republic, they will form a scroll of such a fierce and glorious hue that the world will be astounded at the reception they had met."

"If Uncle Sam treats us in this way, we will be like him."

"This is what we get for being soldiers."

"How are you, rioters?" "Three cheers for the ladies."

"That flag is a big thing, boys."

"We'll show the Copperheads what we can do for freedom when we get a chance."

"That was a jolly speech made by our Colonel."

" Didn't Professor King talk like a book?" "We might fill a column with the remarks made by these men during the few minutes allowed for lunch, showing their appreciation of the ovation which had been tendered to them, and the great advancement made in public opinion in regard to their race."

After luncheon, march was resumed in the following order:

THE PROCESSION.

Policeman Superintendent Kennedy.

One Hundred Policemen.

Members of the Union League Club.

Colored Friends of the Recruits, marching with hands joined.

Governor's Island Band.

The 20th Regiment United States Colored Troops.

The line of march was down Broadway to Canal street, through Canal street to the North River, where they embarked on board the Ericsson for New Orleans. The men made a fine appearance in their blue uniform, white gloves and white leggings. They are hearty and athletic fellows, many of them six feet tall, straight, and symmetrical. A majority of them are black; indeed, there are but few mulattoes among them. The Twentieth Regiment is composed of an African regiment, and to its credit be it spoken, not one of its members disobeyed orders, nor one broke ranks to greet enthusiastic friends, nor one used intoxicating drinks to excess, no one manifested the least inclination to leave the service, and after luncheon, march was resumed in the following order:

To the Officers and the Men of the Twentieth United States Colored Troops.

Soldiers—We the mothers, wives and sisters of the members of the New York Union League Club, of whose liberality and intelligent patriotism, and under whose direct auspices you have been organized into a body of national troops for the defence of the Union earnestly sympathizing in the great cause of American freedom, and zealous in your efforts to promote the objects and the holy cause in behalf of which you have enlisted, have prepared for you this banner, at once the emblem of freedom and of faith, and the symbol of woman's best wishes and prayers for our common country, and especially for your devotion thereto.

At the close of this speech, President King read the following address, which had been prepared by H. T. Tuckerman. The address was neatly engrossed on parchment, and signed by the ladies who presented the colors to the regiment.

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